FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The women of the middle and upper classes in St. Petersburg are, with rare exceptions, inveterate smokers.

—It cost $120,000 to kill sixteen thousand million embryo locusts on the Island of Cyprus this year, the British Government footing the bills.

—The first newspaper that ever appeared in France is said to have the date 1494. A book-worm recently discovered a stray copy in a library in Nantes.

—A writer in *Figaro* calls attention to the number of French citizens who are getting rich in the slave trade. Five hundred negroes, at $500 per head, he says, is a cargo which pays admirably.

—Francis and George Darwin, the sons of the great naturalist, are about to move from the old Down house to the vicinity of Cambridge, where they will establish a large factory for making philosophical instruments.

—The success which has attended the cultivation of cinchona has directed attention to other medicines which can be cultivated in India, the most successful of these being perhaps jalap. This plant does well, the climate of Qotacamund suiting its habit.

—In Germany women and girls are coming to be employed in trades and manufactories in large numbers. The census of 1881 shows that 345,753 females, between the ages of 12 and 27, were engaged in the 93,554 manufactories, which also give employment to 1,636,099 men. There was no German manufactory where the female workers were not employed.

—Richard Wagner has sold the copyright of all his musical productions to Schott, the Mayence publisher, the consideration of the agreement being the yearly payment to the composer of 150,000 marks (about $35,000). This annuity is also to be paid to Wagner's heirs for thirty years after his death. And still it is thought the publisher has made a profitable contract.

—The marriage of Miss Ellard, the owner of a fine estate in the county of Limerick, Ireland, and Sub-Constable Sheehy forms the subject of an Irish romance. Two years ago the bride and her coachman were fired at, but fortunately escaped injury. Soon afterward police protection was furnished her in the person of two sub constables, one of whom proved so highly agreeable that she resolved to render his protection a permanent duty, and he is now the husband of a beautiful wife and a landed proprietor, with an income of $50,000 a year. Nor is this the first time, says an English paper, that "Irish outrages have made an opening for Cupid to creep in."

—It seems somewhat hard to mulct a defendant in damages for breach of promise of marriage when in open court he offers to fulfill his contract, but is refused by the plaintiff. Such, however, has been the fate of a London constable, who was ordered to pay a domestic servant £25 damages for breach of promise. "I am willing to marry you now," he declared to the plaintiff, who responded, amid laughter. "But I am not willing to marry you." Whatever may have taken place before, it was the woman, not the man, who prevented the completion of the contract. Yet, according to the decision of the under sheriff, the man and not the woman was compelled to pay damages for breach of promise.

Good Memories.

St. Louis can probably furnish some of the most wonderful and best authenticated cases of good memory on record. The remarkable powers of Howard, who was for many years stationed at the door of the Lindel Hotel dining room, have given him a reputation as wide as the country. He had so trained his judgment and memory that he could receive and distribute 500 hats without keeping any system of checks or places whatever. A guest entering the dining-hall handed his hat to the dusky doorkeeper, who obtained a view of the owner's physiognomy. He would then dispose of the tile among a hundred others and receive another hundred before the owner of the hat would return for his head gear. In a twinkling Howard would produce the identical hat from the heap, never handing over the wrong property. Frequently, to test his memory, the owner of a hat intrusted to the darkey's care would deny his own property on returning to the entrance, but without avail. The face and hat were photographed on the man's mind with all the truth of a camera, so that he never made a mistake in attending to the duties of his office. This wonderful negro was presented with an elegant gold badge by a number of gentlemen and the proprietors of the hotel. He is now employed in Chicago.

Another phenomenal memory is that owned by Milton Peters, or Black Pete, who was employed at Pate's keno house, but is now keeping door at Dock Strickland's poker room at the southeast corner of Eleventh and Olive streets. In the game of keno, as played in St. Louis and the Eastern cities, 192 cards numbered from 1 to 192 are required. On each of these are fifteen numbers arranged in three rows and combinations of the numbers between 1 and 90. No two cards of the 192 or no two rows of the 576 rows are alike. Pete had so trained his memory that he knew each of these cards. If asked what combinations were on card 37 he could, without a moment's hesitation, give the three combinations and the the numbers in the irregular order. Before the invention of the check board, which contains the miniature of each keno card, Pete's memory was of invaluable service. The game is decided by the first who covers any row of cards, the man at the urn calling out the number of each ball as it rolls out, and the players covering the same if it appears on the card. A few years ago a plan was gotten up by a sharp gambler to "wolf" the game. He carried with him a number of thin pieces of paper with various numbers on one side and mucilage on the other. They were exactly the size of the little figure square on the keno card. When he covered four numbers he listened for the next, and, selecting a paper with the next ball's number, he pasted it over the card and raked in the "pot." He was $1,200 ahead of the game by the operation, when he withdrew for a moment and turned his card over to a friend. Just then Pete turned his attention to the game, as the man yelled "Keno!" As was usual he called the number of his card and the combination which he had covered. He called out four numbers, but as he called the fifth Pete laid hands on the pot, announcing, "There's a mistake, sah; I know there ain't no card with forty, and those other four numbers in a line." On examination, at Pete's suggestion, the fraud which the couple of blacklegs were practicing on the other players was discovered. The rest of Pete's education has been shamefully neglected. He experiences considerable difficulty in outlining a few hieroglyphics which are supposed to be script for his name. When asked about his phenomenal memory he said: "Well, I don't know how I came by such good recollection, but I've got it. I never forget a number, and I can tell you the number of some houses I went to years and years ago.

"Can you recollect everything you see?"

"Oh, no! for some things I ain't worth a cent, but some other things I don't have no difficulty in recollecting."

"How did you come to learn the keno cards?"

"Oh, that was my work. When no game was going on I used to take the cards and look over many of them. In that way I got to know them all, and now I'm pretty well fixed on these things, and nobody can fool me on a set of keno cards after I look over them a little."

John and Charles Bowser, two brothers, who dealt in a Sixth street faro bank, could keep track of the fifty-two cards in the box, and without consulting a card or anything else could announce just what cards were in the box, after a certain number were dealt. In the deal, when it came to the privilege to "call the turn," neither of the brothers, who were equally endowed in this respect, ever troubled those keeping track of the game, but announced the number and denomination of the cards left in the box. In playing against the bank they displayed the same confidence in their memories, and laughed at the idea of keeping count of the cards. A local celebrity, known by the sobriquet of Overcoat Johnny, bestowed upon him on account of his fondness for appropriating great-coats to his own use, has a much better reputation as a casino player than as a citizen. He can safely give his opponent one-half the game before the first card is dealt and then beat him with ease. From frequent playing he has so trained his memory that in a rapidly played game he can mentally keep account of every card played, with the description of the trick taken by it, and at last cards invariably announces the cards in the hands of his opponents. If given an opportunity he can stock a deck and call off every card in its order, dealing with the backs toward him.

The remarkable memory of a gambler known as the New York Jew was so notorious that it was with difficulty he could persuade a faro dealer to allow him to buck against the bank. He never discommoded himself keeping a tally on the cards with pencil, but at the end of a deal or at any stage of the game he could announce the action of any card called for and tell every bet and the amount of the same made by half a dozen players about the board. A week after a play he could tell to a certainty how many times a certain card won or lost, and after a night's play would sum up without the assistance of the cards the winnings and losses of any card for the previous four hours' play. These facts caused the superstitious dealers to refuse to allow him to put money on the board.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Indian Marriage Customs.

Among the Northwestern tribes of Indians innocence is as marked among the girls as their color. The impression that the red maiden does not entertain a high standard of morality is an error, for she is taught as other girls are, and grows up with well-developed ideas of life and a firm resolution to discharge its duties. Educated in the faith that she was ordained to work, she trains herself to hard labor, and at sixteen years of age is sturdy and strong, brave against fatigue and a perfect housewife. She may not possess New England notions of cleanliness, but she takes not a little pride in her personal appearance, and in the arrangement of her lodge she displays some crude ideas of taste and a certain amount of neatness. If she marries a white man she makes him a good wife as long as she lives with him. His home is her whole comfort and his comfort her sole ambition. She thinks of him and for him, and makes it her study to please him, and makes him respect and love her. She recognizes in him one of a superior race, and by her dignity and devotion endears herself to him and struggles to make him happy. At the agencies of the upper frontier thousands of men are employed, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the majority of them have Indian wives and live happily. They are not sought after by the maidens, for the Indian girl's custom is to remain quiet until after the marriage contract is made and the marriage portion paid over. The husband must have the dowry, with which he must invest his prospective mother-in-law before the ceremony takes place.

The aspiring bridegroom must be well known in the tribe before he can hope to win a wife; her people want to thoroughly understand him, and know if he can support, not only her, but all her relatives in the event of a pinch. He must be a kind-hearted man, with a temper warranted to keep in any domestic climax; and he must have a good lodge, and at least a half dozen horses. If he be and have all these, he can a-wooing go. Then, selecting a lady, he makes application to the mother, and at a council the price is fixed upon. If the girl is especially pretty her mother will demand a gun, two horses, and a lot of provisions, blankets and cloth. A gun is valued at $50, and he must furnish the material to bring the amount up from $100 to $150. Then he tries to beat the dame down, and if he succeeds he knows there is some reason for letting the girl go; if not, he understands that he is making a good choice. The courtship is left entirely to the mother. —*Montreal Star.*

—The fashionable coat for this winter will be cut so tight across the back that the butt of a pistol sticking out of a hind pocket will look like the hump on a circus camel.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Choked to Death.

A correspondent directs our attention to the recent death of an insane man in the State Prison, and says that the testimony before the Coroner's jury revealed certain facts that ought to be made public. It appears that the crazy fellow created great disturbance by shouting and loud talking, and in order to stop his cries the "gag" was resorted to, and for a week or two previous to his death a gag was kept in his mouth a part of the time. These gags can be made in different ways, and in any case are instruments of torture. One way is to take a round stick about the size of a broom-handle, and six or seven inches long, with cords and straps at each end long enough to tie or buckle at the back of the head. This is forced into the mouth and secured. Another way is to whittle a block of wood into something like the shape of a triangle, with holes in two of the corners in which to fasten the cords, and the other end of the triangular piece of wood is forced into the mouth, running well back and resting on the tongue, and is then tied at the back of the head, as in the other case. Still another way is to make the gag egg-shaped and large enough to fill the cavity of the mouth, and this is also secured by a string or strap like the others.

In the case of Smith, the insane convict, who was found dead in his cell at the Wethersfield prison on Wednesday morning, testimony at the inquest showed that he died with a strait-jacket on and with a gag in his mouth. And the further fact was developed that the strap to the gag had been buckled up one hole tighter on the evening previous to his death than it had been before. When a man is gagged it is necessary to secure his hands so as to prevent him from removing the gag, and this is the reason why Smith was put in a strait-jacket. In spite of all, he would work the gag out of his mouth, and to stop this the strap was tightened up one hole the last night, and nothing more was ever heard of him. He died that night. The jury returned a verdict that he died of "convulsions." When discovered dead his face was black, giving every evidence of strangulation.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

The Paris Sewers.

The so-called sewers under the city appear to serve little purpose but that of interesting British and American tourists, who delight in being rowed about down below in boats, and are always enthusiastic over the absence of evil smells in the handsomely-vaulted and well-lighted passages through which they are conducted. Seeing that the offensive matter which ought to find its way into the sewers is cleared out of the houses at night, and carried in carts through the streets, and that vegetable refuse and stale water are habitually thrown into the open gutters to poison the atmosphere, it is not surprising the air should be if anything purer in subterranean Paris than in the magnificent thoroughfares on the surface. It would probably not be rash to ascribe the superior healthiness of London, as shown by its exceedingly low death-rate, to the fact that the English capital is really drained, whereas Paris is drained only in name. The teeming slums in the East End, the multitude of factories, the dense, foggy, sunless winters of London have no equivalent here, yet the average death-rate of the French capital, even when no epidemic is raging, is, compared with that of London, as twenty-nine to eighteen; but then, if a French tourist were to venture into the great sewer of London, he would probably not survive to tell the tale.—*London Telegraph.*

GENERAL.

—Boys can be lawfully removed from the rear platform of cars, when stealing rides, but the New York Court of Appeals has decided that the removal must be so gentle as not to injure the urchins.

—Several Chattanooga (Tenn.) youths filled a large can with water, sealed it up tightly, and then, after placing it over a hot fire, stood by to see it burst. Willie Dugger was so badly scalded when the explosion occurred that he would lose his eyesight and probably his life.

—Frederic C. Blodgett, of Spencer, Mass., enjoys the distinction of being the man twice pardoned out of the Penitentiary. Many years ago he was sentenced for life. Six years ago he was released on pardon. Three months ago he stole and was again remanded. Recently was again pardoned.

—A Chinaman thus describes his experience at draw poker: "I dlaw thlee carde, get flo acee, bet flive dolla, nobody clom in. Next time I dlaw two cardee, get flo kingee, bet ten dolla, nobody clom in. Next time I dlaw one cardee, get flo flushee, bet fifteen dolla, everybody clom in, Chinaman busted." —*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—Anna Louise Cary is said to own the largest and most perfect emerald in the world. It belonged to Queen Isabella, and was bought at the sale of that fearfully and wonderfully made Spanish lady's jewels in Paris two years ago. It weighs two carats, and is set in a broad band of Roman gold, studded with twenty-four large diamonds. The value of the emerald is $50,000.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—A curious problem has suggested itself in Winnepeg. There are about 600 cows in and around the city, and these produce 1,200 gallons of milk per day. Yet 4,000 gallons of milk are sold. The question is, how do the milkmen perform the miracle of selling 4,000 gallons of milk out of the 1,200 they get from the cows? The answer is said to be, "chalk, lime, salt, and Red River water."—*Chicago Herald.*

—A strange balloon accident happened at Vienna recently, and caused a painful sensation. The weather being exceedingly stormy, the proprietor of the balloon tried suddenly to lower it. As it touched the ground the rope escaped from his hands, and the wind dragged the balloon a distance of four kilometers into a church-yard, where it, rushing along with terrific speed, knocked down a dozen marble monuments and a high brick wall. The two occupants of the car were thrown out, and found among the graves, dangerously injured

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE QUEEN'S COMPLAINT.

My tasks are over for the day,
Over at last, and I am free?
No girl in all the land, they say,
Has so much study, so little play
As I, the little Queen, dear me!

First came my French and then my Greek,
And then my German—that makes three!
The one to read, and the others to speak,
And two are modern, and one antique,
And I hate them all most fervently.

Then I played the harp till my fingers stung,
That tiresome adagio, minor C:
And then the piano, and then I sung;
Next the doctor came to examine my tongue,
And ordered a horrible dose for me.

Then the hour of sums, the worst of all,
Such long, long sums in the Rule of Three;
And the dance to practice for the ball,
When I was so tired I could hardly crawl,
And Ancient and Modern History!

And once I paused and looked about
And missed my answer, for a bee,
Caught in a flower-cup just without,
Was making a furious buzz and rout—
Then *how* my master looked at me!

"Your Majesty is much to blame
To heed such trival things," said he;
And all my ladies said the same.
I felt my cheeks grow hot with shame,
So solemnly they looked at me.

They tell me that throughout the land
The other children envy me,
Because I am so rich and grand:
I cannot, cannot understand
Why people judge so foolishly.

The other children shout and run,
And play together full of glee;
I never have a bit of fun,
There are no games for only one—
Nobody ever plays with me!

The other children go up-stairs
After their merry nursery-tea,
Their mothers brush and comb their hairs,
And tuck them in, and hear their prayers—
How pleasant all those things must be!

My ladies duly bend and wait,
And serve me soft on bended knee,
Put off and on my robes of state,
And bathe and brush and curl and plait,
But no one ever kisses me!

I am the Queen, and I am told
That the whole land belongs to me,
Mine to up-hear and rule and hold,
And I am only twelve years old,
Only a little girl you see!

If I might change for a few days,
And just a common child could be,
To live in common happy ways,
With easy tasks and easy plays,
And no one by to chide or see—

I *might* perhaps come back and class
Myself as happiest—it might be:
But that will never come to pass,
I am the little Queen, alas!
And there is no escape for me!

—*Susan Coolidge, in Wide Awake.*

"BOY WANTED."

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peters' window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later, it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, any way?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion he would look a good while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning, trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were anxious to try to suit him. "All he wants is a fellow to run of errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run of errands. John Simmons found that out, and this was the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon, at pleasant enough work, and although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long, deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want to have put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long, deep box, I should think it was!" he told himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh most a ton, I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails, and screws, and pieces of iron, and broken keys and things; *rubbish*, the whole of it! Nothing worth touching, and it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold, besides; how the wind blows in through those knot holes! There's a mouse! If there is anything that I *hate*, it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if old Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whereupon John bounced down the attic stairs three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window, half an hour afterwards, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put that box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order: there was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly: it was the 'nails and things' that I wanted put in order; did you do it?"

"No, sir, it was dark up there, and cold; and I didn't see anything worth doing; besides, I thought I was hired to run of errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told." But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to do down town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow; all it needed was a little standing up for your rights.

Precisely at six o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work, and then, to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions: indeed, he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning the old sign "Boy Wanted" appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down, and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands, plenty of them: he was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold he was sent to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse, nor of the cold, but he grumbled so much over that box; nothing in it worth his attention. However, he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared down stairs with this message: "Here's all there is worth keeping in that old box; the rest of the nails are rusty, and the hooks are bent, or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to the post-office. What do you think? By the close of the next day, Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother; "he said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner time now; you may go back to it after dinner." After dinner back he went; all the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five-dollar gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it; well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocket-book. After Crawford had said good-night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top and labeled thus: "Good screws." "Pretty good nails." "Picture nails." "Small keys, somewhat bent." "Picture hooks." "Pieces of iron whose use I don't know." So on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful was to be found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully and murmured to the mice: "If we are not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough; the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became the well-known errand-boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up, next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." "I'll try to be, sir," he said; and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand-boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills & Co. A young man and a rich man. "He found his fortune in a long box full of rubbish," Mr. Peters said once laughing. "Never was a five-dollar gold piece so successful in business as that one of his had been; it is good he found it." Then after a moment of silence he said gravely: "No, he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible. 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' It is true; Mills the boy was *faithful*, and Mills the man we *trust*".—*The Pansy.*

How Sallie Scoured the Little Black Girl.

One day grandma said to Sallie: "Dinah's little girl is here. Can't you show her your dolls?"

Sallie was glad to have a little girl to play with.

Pretty soon she came back and said: "Why, grandma, she's black."

"Well," said grandma, "she's a good little girl."

"But I'm afraid of her," said Sallie, "she's so black."

"But Dinah's black."

"Dinah's grown-up woman," said Sallie. "I didn't know that little girls were black."

"She is as well behaved as if she were white," said grandma, "and you can have a nice time playing."

So the two children went to Sallie's room, where the dolls were.

"My name's Sallie; what's yours?" asked the white girl.

"Marionette," said the little black girl.

Then they began to play house; but Sallie suddenly said: "What makes you black?"

"I don't know," said Marionette.

"Won't it come off if you wash it?"

"No," said Marionette.

"Did you ever try soap and sand?" asked Sallie.

"No," said Marionette.

"Then let's try," added Sallie. She brought a basin of water and some soap and sand and began to rub Marionette's hand.

"I guess I'll try your face," she said after a while.

Marionette was a little afraid in the strange house, and had not dared to cry, but now the soap got into her eyes and the sand into her mouth, and she began to scream with all her might.

"What are those children doing?" said grandma to Dinah; and they both ran up-stairs.

There was Marionette crying as loud as she could cry; and there was Sallie looking as frightened as Marionette, for she had not meant to hurt her. She held the basin in one hand, and the water was running over the floor. The sand was pouring over the edge of the table, and the kitten was playing with the soap. Grandma told Sallie that Marionette's skin was made black; she could not make it white any more than she could make her own black.

Sallie often laughs about scouring the little black girl; for this is a true story, and Sallie is now a grown-up woman.—*Our Little Ones.*

—It is a significant and suggestive fact that five of our foreign ministers were, at various times of their lives, full-fledged editors of country newspapers. —*N. Y. Herald.*